to this paltrie Knight:

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhee'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Qui, I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne?*

Miſ. Page. Go in with vs and ſee, wee haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men, very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him, and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turne them together, a man may bee too confident, I would haue nothing lye on my head, I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke, thou'rt a Gentleman, Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow, Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*) Maſter *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice; tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Huge* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and (I thinke) appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue me) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Ford. None, I proteſt, but ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*, onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully,) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight, will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut Sir, I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*,) 'tis heere, 'tis heere, I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere, ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you, I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty: yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily, ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*, if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labour, if ſhee be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena